

ADDRESSES

OF THANKS to

(208.)

Father PETERS

AND THE

Lord Chancellor,

FROM

The Protestant Religion and English Liberties.

While grateful Courts wou'd spurn those Miters down
Who on the sacred Temples plac'd the Crown;
Whilst ev'n those Miters so ungrateful be
They stubbornly refuse to crouch to Thee.
Let not, blest Saint! thy lofty Shrine refuse
The juster Tribute of an humble Muse,
Who long has labour'd with a painful Birth
To pay thee all the Thanks of Heav'n and Earth.
For our Religion and our Propertie
What cou'd have more been done by Heaven or Thee?

Let none beyond themselves by Envy hurl'd
Say, — This you did as *Judas* sav'd the World:
Malicious Eyes still doubt the best intent;
We'll look on what you've done, not what you meant.
If Hell oblige, let's give the Devil his due,
And do as much, by th' Hangman's leave, for you.
Acknowledge all those Miracles you've done
Enough to o'restock —

A Legend bigger than the Golden one.

Audacious *Mob*! what makes thee shout and roar?
What makes thy muddy Sea outrun its shoar!

Along they roll, their Surges scatter wide,
And harmless Father *Peters* swells the Tyde.
Scarce bear they greater spite at *Corker's* Gate,
Scarce honest *Harry Hills* more heartily they hate.

When all the Jays and Jakes must plunder'd be
To raise a Guard, blest Father! worthy Thee:
Such Rags of Men as Dunghills wou'd not own,
But blush for fear their Kindred shou'd be known:
Who, lest they something shou'd, of Man, confess,
The Dirt hides ev'n their Primitive Nakedness:
No sooner a New Suit of Cloaths, and Flesh
Warms the poor Snakes, but they forget agen
Their Birth-place, and begin to think they're Men,
Throw down their Bandileers, their Fingers bite,
And swear they'll ne're for Father *Peters* fight.

The braver *Few* by kinder Heav'n indu'd
VVith English Souls, if not with English Blood;
Ormond, and *Denmark*, many a mighty Name,
And *Cornbury*, the first-below'd of Fame,
VVho long, till Patience grew a Crime, had born
The servile Yoke, at last with nobler scorn
Shake off the ungenerous Curb, no longer they
King *Peters* or King *Jeffreys* will obey:
Mistake the Court, draw all their sleepy Swords,
And make the Princes Tent their House of Lords.

The *Husbands* dare not trust thee for their lives,
ast thou work Miracles among their Wives.
ur rich Society bribe the heavenly Maid,
d from your stock, and hers lend too much aid;
ilist the good Wives what ev'n their Teeth and Nails,
or ought, alas! thy pious Fraud avails;
hat Courtly Grin which decks thy Holy Face,
That glavering Address and forc'd Grimace;
All, all in vain: So thick their Curses flee,
There's not one part unwounded left in Thee;
And cou'd they but thy hated Carkas rear,
Thy Relicks they, like *Scanderbeg's*, wou'd wear.

O! whither shall oppressed Virtue fly?
Why are the *Angels* idle? tell me, Why?
Why comes not *Raphael* to remove our Fears,
And lugg thee off by thy two goodly Ears;
At little *Modena* then set thee down;
Or, if so high, he chance t' o'reshoot the Toww,
Thou of thy own accord wilt be depress'd
y thy pure sympathy to th' House of Est.

But why this noise and clutter, this ado,
For one so good, so Innocent as you?
Must Justice once again *Hurzag's* o'repow'r?
Where are the Judges? where the Chancellor?

Poor *W E M* is trying his new Armour on,
Or takes thy Fate and Lodgings when thou'rt gone;
Or does his vigilant Crony entertain,
And teach him, when he's clear, to hide his chain:
Or packing up his Goods, t'avoid the Shower,
And Refuge takes in *Newgate* or the Tower.
Or *Affidavits* (lest the other fails)
Is hammering for a *Second Prince of Wales*.

Thy Cause wou'd the poor Judges but perplex,
Who are at th' Insurance-Office for their Necks.
O *Jenner*! *Jenner*! who cou'd Tears withhold?
Who'd lost at once, like Thee, his Pardon and his Gold?
No Life! no Heaven! Bid both at once Farewell!
England to *Tyburn* sends thee, *Rome* to Hell.

If these are hang'd, or creep, or hide, or flee,
Or shake, or stink, blest Saint! as well as Thee;
Thy worth, blest Saint! has rais'd a Friend unknown,
If not to guard thee 'till the Storm's o'reblown,
Yet e're thou go'st to pay thee all thy own. }
When thou arriv'st at *Purgatory* door,
Let thy good Catholick-Mother clear her score:
But since 'tis known we've little Trading there,
The Protestants intend to pay thee here.

Long had the English Genius stupid grown
In slavish Bonds lain, fetter'd to the Throne;
Thrown up that Power which once it nobly shar'd,
Those Laws thrown up which once that Power did guard:
As passive as a Spaniel, tutour'd to't,
Whoever deign'd to kick, 'twou'd kiss its Foot,
Whilst the bold *Barons* grumbled in their Graves,
And their pale Ghosts ev'n blusht to've got such slaves.

'Twas you who rouz'd us all: So hard, so fast
The eager Jesuit kick'd, we felt at last;
Your Remedy was sharp, but yet 'twas sure,
A desperate Wound must have a desperate Cure.

Enslav'd at home all Europe saw our Chain;
They saw, and sigh'd, and sympathiz'd in vain,
Whilst the French Tyrant did the *Ballance* hold,
And rugged Steel out-weigh'd with heavier Gold.
Our *Lyon*, lock'd within his native Den,
Lashes himself for want of Beasts or men.
The eager *Spirits*, when seal'd so close, ferment,
And burst the very Glass for lack of vent.

Hence different Parties, and intestine Jars,
And Names, and Marks, and deep dishonest Scars.
This, Holy Father! this was seen by you;
'Twas seen, and then no doubt 'twas pity'd too.

You pity'd just as *Jesuits* use to do,
Out of meer kindness did the weakest joyn,
and fairly shew'd 'em both the grand Design:

'Till in their Anger both take Wit and Grace.
Throw by their Swords, and heartily embrace,
And hang such Vermin up, or from 'em chace,
And whilst they haunt about your curst Crew,
You now make sport for them, as they've for you.
Nor shall the Peter-pence of Thanks alone
Into thy sacred Treasury be thrown.

O! wou'd thy fiery Nature be content
To wait a little for a Parliament,
(And not provoke choice *Grub-street* VVits to feign
New *Hut* and *Crys* to call thee back again)
'Twou'd ease both thee and us of all our Fears,
And to a Farthing pay thee thy *Arrears*.

'Till then Farewel, and live on Charitie,
'Till Justice sends thee something worthy Thee:
'Till Holy Red-cap, or VVhite-cap forsook
From *Rome*, or *Tyburn* thy fair Brows adorn.

FINIS.